Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke one mé,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou aquiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt the tyrany,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting despaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard started out of a dreame.

K Rich. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my
For hatefull deeds committ
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I a
Foole of thy selfe speake we
My conscience hath a thou
And euery tongue brings in
And euery tale condemnes
Periury, in the highest degr
Murder, sterne murder, in t
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde i
Throng all to the barre, cry
I shall dispaire, there is no
And if I die, no soule shall
And wherefore should they
Find in my selfe, no pitty to
Me thought the soules of al
Came to my tent, and euer
To morrowes vengeance o

Enter Rat

Rat My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is the
Rat. My Lord tis I: the e
Haue thrice done salutation
Your friends are vp, and bu
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dr
What thinkst thou, will ou
Rat. No doubt my Lord
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord
King. By the Apostle *Pa*
Haue strooke more terrour
Then can the substance of t
Armed in proofe, and led by
Tis not yet neere day come
Vnder our tents Ile play the
To heare if any meane to sh

Enter the lords

Lords. Good morrow *R*

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